

The Mirror

OF

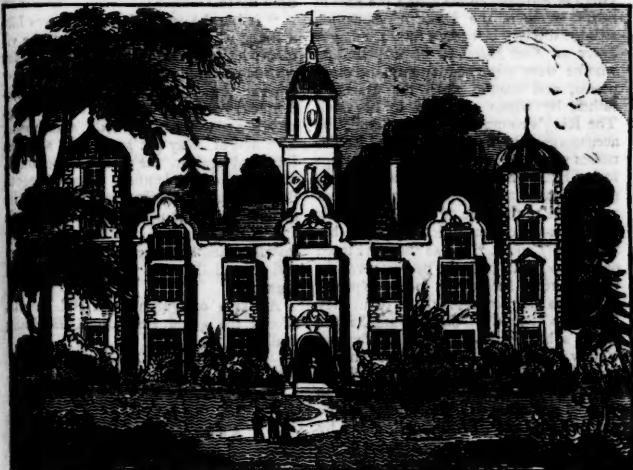
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXV.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Birth-place of Queen Anne Boleyn.



BLICKLING HALL, the seat of the Dowager Lady Suffield, near Aylsham, Norfolk, of which the above is a view, drawn for the MIRROR, was the mansion in which Anne Boleyn, the beautiful but ill-fated queen of that faithless tyrant, Henry the Eighth, was born. The mansion was built and is now in the possession of the Hobart family; its principal interest is however created by its having been the birth place of a lady so elevated and so disastrous in her fortunes.

Anne Boleyn, perhaps few of our readers need to be told, was the second wife of Henry VIII. She was born in the year 1507, and was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, by Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk. At the age of twenty she was appointed maid of honour to queen Catherine, the first wife of Henry, who afterwards being divorced, she was married to the faithless monarch on the 25th of January, 1532, and afterwards crowned queen with great pomp. In the September following she gave birth to Elizabeth, afterwards queen of England. Queen Anne Boleyn was very favourable

to the reformation, to which the king was at this time inimical, and Henry becoming enamoured of another object, got charges of the most scandalous and improbable nature brought against her, which ended in her condemnation, and on the 19th of May, 1536, she was beheaded in the Tower, her own brother, Viscount Rochford, and four others being tried and executed four days afterwards.

The fate of this unfortunate princess is sufficiently known; and the account of her personal attractions and amiable qualities only serve to increase the indignation which every one must feel at the wretch, who like the base Judean, could cast "a pearl away richer than all his tribe." In the *Harleian MSS.* at the British Museum, No. 2194, there is an affecting account of the summary trial and execution of this unfortunate queen. The MS. purports to give the names of the "Lord High Stewards of England from the time of William the Conqueror to that of Charles the First; with the proceedings against the several criminals who were tried before them." The following extract relates to Anne Boleyn:—

"Thomas Duke of Norfolk, Lord

High Steward of England, att the tryall of Queene Anne Bulloigne, who, on the 15th day of May, in the 28th year of the raigne of Kinge Henry the Eight, was arraigned in the Tower of London, on a scaffold for that purpose made in the King's Hall, the Duke of Norfolkke sitting under the cloath of state, the Lord Chancellor on his right hand, and the Duke of Suffolke on his left; the Earl of Surry, sonne of the Duke of Norfolkke, sittinge directly before his father, a degree lower as Earl Marshall of England, to whome were adjoynd twenty-six other peeres, and among them the Queene's father, by whom she was to be tried. The King's commission beinge read, the accusers gave in their evidence, and the witnessses were produced. The Queene sittinge in her chaire, made for her (whether in regard of any infirmity, or out of honour permitted to the wife of the Sovereigne), havinge an excellent quick witt, and beinge a ready speaker, did so answere to all objections, that had the peeres given in their verdict accordinge to the expectation, shee had bene acquitted. But they (among whome the Duke of Suffolke, the Kinge's brother-in-lawe was chiefe, and wholly applyinge himselfe to the Kinge's humour), pronounced her guilty. Whereupon, the Duke of Norfolkke, bound to proceede accordinge to the verdict of the peeres, condemned her to death, either by beinge burned in the Tower Greene, or beheaded, as his Majestie in his pleasure should thinke fitt.

"The sentence beinge denounced, the court arose, and she was conveyed back againe to her chamber; the Lady Bolen, her aunt, and the Lady Kinsman, wife to the constable of the Tower, only attending her.

"And on the 19th of May, the Queene was brought to the place of execution, in the greene within the Tower, some of the nobility and companie of the citie beinge admitted, rather to bee witnesses than spectators of her death, to whom the Queene (having ascended the scaffold), spake in this manner:—

"Friends and good Christian people; I am here in your presence to suffer death, whereto I acknowledge myself adjudged by the lawe, how justly I will not say; I intend not an accusation of any one. I beseech the Almighty to preserve his Matie. long to reigne over you, a more gentle or mild prince never swayed septer; his bounty and clemency towards me I am sure hath bene speciall; if any one intend an inquisitive survey of my actions, I intreat him to judge favourably of mee, and not rashly to admit any censorious conceit. And soe I bid the world fare-

well, beseeching you to commend me in your prayers to God."

"This speech she uttered with a smyling countenance, then kneelinge downe with a fervent spirit, said 'to Jesus Christ I commende my soule,' Lord Jesu receive my soule,' and repeating these words very often, suddenly the stroake of the sword sealed the debt that shee owed unto death.

"Nowe the court of England was like a stage, whereon are represented the vicissitudes of ever various fortune; for within one and the same month yt saw Queene Anne flourishinge, accused, condemned, executed, and another assumed into her place, both of bedd and honor. The first of May (yt seemeth), she was informed against, the second imprisoned, the fifteenth condemned, the seventeenth deprived of her brother and friends, who suffered in her cause, and the nyneteenth executed. On the twentieth the King married Jane Seimour, who on the nyne and twentieth was publickly showed Queene."

A statue of Queen Anne Boleyn still adorns the grand staircase of Blickling Hall.

My Note Book.

No. IV.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

THE TRIP TO MARGATE, &c.

(Continued from page 233.)

WE had rambled nearly a couple of miles in the direction of Northdown, hoping shortly to reach a village or hamlet so named; but Tobykin, ridiculing the expectation, manifested his disbelief by venturing sundry sage remarks on the superiority of *South* over *Northdown* mutton, although there was no living evidence thereof discernible; when suddenly our progress was stayed by music's magic charms—its Eolian sweetness made us pause. At first I imagined it wafted from the deck of one of those gay steamers that are perpetually flitting to and from the continent; but my companion was not so easily mistaken—his ears had already been similarly assailed, and the charm as inopportunately dissolved; unwilling, however, at once to dissipate the pleasing illusion, he suffered me, on wending our course homeward, to draw my own inferences, until our near approach undeceived me, and I eventually discovered it to proceed from a junto, designated a military band, in the pay of the proprietor of a newly established library at Margate; not, of course, purposely retained as disturbers of the

peace of this devoted place, but admirably qualified to accomplish it. This gentleman is said to have graduated at Cambridge, and that his band had followed his example is devoutly to be wished. Only conceive, dear Mr. Editor, its deafening effect, in an ordinary sized drawing-room! Orpheus is said to have moved stocks and stones by his ravishing musical skill, and may not this outrageous dissonance move even bricks and tiles, at the imminent hazard of life and limb? Truly, judging from appearances, this votary of the Muses, much as he is to be respected for his politeness and urbanity, is not likely (whatever be his claim to academic honours) to attain the distinguished character of *Moderator*.

A glance at Bettison's and other rooms, here frequented in the way of lounge, terminated our day's enjoyment. The oppressive heat of these places at this period of the day is intolerable at the several bathing-rooms, which may most appropriately be termed gratuitous vapour baths, the attraction of juvenile pianists, and at the libraries the incessant rattle of dice, suffice to collect large assemblages of folks (the majority of whom are well dressed females) hardy enough to hazard the perilous change of temperature, unapprehensive of consequences. Perhaps no cause is more prejudicial to health than transition from a heated room to the chilling atmosphere of our variable climate, and yet it is risked annually here by thousands, whose plea for visiting the coast is, in nine cases out of ten, grounded on ill health.

The style of performance at these places is pleasing and cheerful; but the character of the music is chiefly volatile and trivial, intended rather *pour passer le temps*, than as an organized species of amusement. One of their exhibitants, a Master Deane, evinced both sweetness of voice and brilliant execution; but he seemed in a fair way of being spoiled by the flattering attentions of the ladies. His tones are weak and tremulous; but, conscious of this, he manages them with considerable adroitness, and, judiciously selecting such airs as are best suited to the compass and power of his voice, he imparts a plaintive and touching tenderness of expression, that seems to have established him a star of some magnitude in the Margate horizon. In itself, perhaps, no place is more insipid and uninteresting; it can boast of no promenade, if we except the pier and jetty, which are too distant from its most respectable neighbourhood to be pleasantly accessible. The new esplanade constructing, promises to remedy this evil, and to afford substan-

tial protection to that part of the town in its vicinity, which, apparently, must heretofore have been sadly exposed in tempestuous weather; but this improvement is but slow in progress.

One trait that strongly marks the good sense of the visitants is the rational hours observed by them; by eleven the busy turmoil is over, and the gay throng dispersed to their several homes to "steep their senses in forgetfulness," an example we felt no reluctance in following.

Our next day's excursion was to Broadstairs, to which place there is a choice of route either through Kingsgate or St. Peter's, and we so arranged it as to pay our devoirs to each in their turn. Our little party consisting of Adelbert, Toby-kin and self, sauntering cheerfully on—

"The day so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal seem'd of earth and sky."

Elate with pleasurable expectation, we felt all the influence of the enlivening scene. On quitting the town, we seemed isolated from its congregated multitude. The beauty of a park may be heightened by the presence of a gay assemblage; but boundless Nature needs not adventitious aid; her minutest and most gigantic productions harmonize with a perfectness that no effort of art, however meritorious, can approach. A writer of some celebrity, alluding to the difficulty of giving even the most trivial objects an air of novelty, observes, that not a spray has trembled in the breeze, nor a leaf rustled to the ground, nor a diamond drop pattered in the stream, that fragrance has not exhaled from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfolded its crimson tints to the morn without challenging observance, and being wrought into some beautiful morality. How idle were it, then, to hope to convey amusement from the familiar, though pleasing sources to which our walk gave us access.

Indifference about early habits and healthful exercise may naturally exist in crowded cities, where there is so little inducement to roam abroad; but that it should prevail where incitements to their adoption present themselves, is matter of astonishment and regret. I one evening heard a lady remark to her companion, as though it had been matter of congratulation, that she was quite delighted with the place, for that, reclining on her pillow, she could every morning witness the departure of the packets! So pernicious is the influence of idle habits, that they would seem to dictate seclusion from the gentle airs of Heaven at times when their balmy freshness renders them most grateful and alluring.

It was pleasing to observe that the building mania of Margate has not extended to the neighbouring villages, which yet preserve their original bounds and rustic simplicity. Those immediately adjacent are, during the season, much resorted to by families seeking health and seclusion from the busy throng; and among these favourite retreats, the pretty village of St. Peter's ranks pre-eminent. Its humble occupants, with common diligence and attention, must find their condition greatly ameliorated by the incessant influx of new faces, and the consequent increased consumption of the simple products of their industry. Its gardens are of considerable notoriety, and well frequented; but being anxious to reach Broadstairs, we had not time to visit them. Our eagerness, if we except the pleasure the walk afforded us, was but indifferently repaid. The handsome and substantial appearance of the harbours of Margate and Ramsgate widely contrast with the simple and pretensionless pier of Broadstairs, though the latter may be fully adequate to the purposes for which it may be required. Those spacious and secure shelters render one of corresponding beauty and stability here superfluous, as its principal utility would appear to be, the accommodation of fishing-boats and pleasure yachts.

To persons unused to retirement, this place must seem peculiarly dull, although its elevated line of terrace commands an interesting and extensive marine view, replete with interest. The surface of its mighty expanse was beautifully serene, and we were almost disposed to feel incredulous of its treacherous character; but a tragical occurrence a few days previous, in which two lives were sacrificed, painfully undeceived us. Towards the horizon might occasionally be seen a vessel's masts peering over the mighty sphere, as she neared the shore, her hull invisible; and the intermediate space was dotted with a plentiful sprinkling of vessels of various nations flitting to and fro, swelling and diminishing, in all the agreeable variety of light and shade. Amidst their fantastic gambols was seen, embosomed on the flood, the gaudy majestic steamer, fitted alike "to point a moral or adorn a tale!" the latter streaming its dusky, unbroken, and interminable length through the pure ether, unmingled, serving to indicate the vessel's constant and steady course to her port of destination. Like the bright luminary of day, though storms may veil her from our gaze, and the unstable winds rise in fierce contention, yet, smiling at their impotent rage, she glides majestically and determinedly on, fit em-

blem of a virtuous life. Her equipments resembling the variety of knowledge needful to freight *our* frail barks; her crew our passions; her track nor to the right nor to the left, but to the haven whence recompense ensues.

At Adelbert's suggestion, we had made the Albion our head-quarters; and though we were highly gratified by the attention and excellent treatment we experienced, we were not long in discovering that his election owed its most powerful recommendation to charms divine, although of mortal mould, in the daughter of its proprietor, and to this day, poor fellow, he is not "fancy free." Nor is it surprising, for she is a most interesting girl, and is distinguished, *par excellence*, as the Lily of Broadstairs. Adelbert's animation intuitively subsided as our time of departure drew near; but as the day was waning rapidly, there was no alternative, and it will long be remembered by all of us as one of interesting remark and pleasurable converse. It would be an unreasonable trespass to task my memory, or occupy "THE MIRROR" with the good things uttered by my agreeable companions during this delightful ramble; nor would modesty, in deference to their abler pens, permit it. Proceeding homewards through Kingsgate, we hastily glanced at its castellated, disjointed, and grotesque buildings, betraying, apparently, more of prettiness than utility; and thus terminated our excursion to Broadstairs.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HOME.

THAT is not home, where day by day
I wear the busy hours away—
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light;
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory give
A home in which the heart can live.
These walls no lingering hopes endear—
No fond remembrance chains me here;
Cheerless I leave the lonely sigh—
Eliza! canst thou tell me why?
'Tis where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home;
And some in halls of lordly state,
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The sailor's home is on the main—
The warrior's on the tented plain—
The maiden's in her bower of rest—
The infant's on its mother's breast;
But where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride,
They are too high, and cold, and wide—
No home is by the wanderer found,
'Tis not in place it hath no bound;

It is a circling atmosphere,
Investing all the heart holds dear :
A law of strange, attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course.

It is a presence undefined,
Overshadowing the conscious mind ;
Where love and duty sweetly blend,
To consecrate the name of friend.
Where'er thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

My Love! forgive the conscious sigh ;
I hear the moments rushing by,
And think that life is fleeting fast,
That youth with us will soon be past.
Oh! when will time consenting give
The home in which my heart can live?
There shall the past and future meet,
And o'er my couch, in union sweet,
Extend their cherub wings, and shower
Bright influence on the present hour.

Oh! when shall Israel's mystic guide
The pillar'd cloud our steps decide?—
Then resting spread its guardian shade
To bless the home which love hath made.
Daily my love shall thence arise
Our hearts' united sacrifice;
And home indeed a home will be
Thus consecrate and shared by thee!

WHAT IS LOVE?

Oh! what is love I prithee tell—
Say, gives it pain or pleasure?
This much I know—alas! too well—
Hearts can't be bought with treasure.

Oh! yes the treasure of the mind
Is richer far than gold;
Pure sentiments, and thought refined,
These chains my heart would hold.

ELEANORA T——N.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF HORSE-RACING.

(Continued from page 263.)

IN our last we brought the history of English horse-racing down to the time of Queen Anne and George the First. It was during the reign of the former that what are called "King's Plates" were introduced, not as gifts from the King's own purse, but the produce of a legacy bequeathed by a lover of the turf, for the express purpose of encouraging improvement in the breed of horses.

In an old tract, entitled "Anecdotes relating to Horse-racing," we find the following account of this sporting donation:—"Gentlemen were so partial in breeding their horses, chiefly for the sake of shape and speed only, without considering that those which were only second, third, or fourth rate in speed, were then quite useless, until the reign of Queen Anne, when a public spirited gentleman

observing this inconvenience, left thirteen hundred guineas out of his estate for thirteen plates, or purses, to be run for at such places as the crown should appoint, whence they are called king's or queen's plates, or guineas. The condition is, that each horse shall carry twelve stone weight, the best of three heats over a four-mile course; by this method, a stronger and a more useful race was soon raised; and if a horse did not win the guineas, he was yet strong enough to make a good hunter. By these crossings, as jockeys term it, we have horses of full three-quarters blood, or half bred, suitable to carry any burden; whence the English horses are allowed to be the best, and are greatly esteemed by foreigners."

The latter part of the reign of George the First, or the commencement of that of his successor, was also remarkable for the commencement of a work dedicated expressly to a record of this truly English sport; we allude to the *Racing Calendar*, which was commenced by Mr. John Cheny, of Arundel, Sussex, who, in 1726 and 1727 issued "Proposals for printing by subscription once a year, for seven years successively, an Historical List of all Horse-matches run for in England, of the value of 10*l*. and upwards in each particular year of the seven preceding the publication of each book; containing the name of the owner of each horse, &c."

The *Racing Calendar* was published by subscription, price seven shillings and sixpence, and the first volume had 450 subscribers. So eager was the author to give "a full and true account" of the races, that in the ensuing year he says, he "travelled the kingdom over, contracting a correspondence in every part with persons who, at the very times of sport, are to take accounts for me where I do not appear. 'Tis this, together with the trouble I have often taken of riding from man to man for information, to render these accounts as just as possible, has delayed the publication."

It appears by an advertisement prefixed to the volume of 1732, that as "the diversion of horse-racing had advanced to such a height," and as "the subscription inclined near to the point of expiring," many of his patrons recommended a continuance of the work on an enlarged scale, viz.—a sheet calendar, every fortnight as at the present day, for transmission by post, in addition to the yearly book. This plan was adopted in 1734; the terms were five shillings in advance, and ten shillings and sixpence annually. Prefixed to the volume for 1735, we find the old story of numerous complaints of the lateness of

the time ere this book is published. To remedy which in future, "with a view of hastening it a month," a new arrangement is made from that of the previous volumes, "Newmarket always began the book; so that at soonest it could not go to press till the month of October was expired;" next followed the account of those places where King's plates were run for; then the various counties in England in alphabetical order. The sports of this year are digested in order of time. The rules and regulations to be observed in running for the King's plates, by permission of the Duke of Richmond, Master of the Horse, and signed by John Adams, Esq. Clerk of the Stables, is appended to the volume for 1739, which also contains "a list of the prizes of the present year, showing the qualifications required," &c. In 1740, "it was the pleasure of the legislature to take this diversion of horse-racing under consideration, and to prohibit by law the running for any prize, unless the same be of full fifty pounds value, or run for at Newmarket or Black Hambleton. Since the day which first gave influence to that law, there have been but *very few* free prizes run for in this kingdom." The motives which induced the government to interfere are stated in the preamble, viz.—"Whereas, the great number of horse-races for small plates, prizes, or sums of money, have contributed very much to the encouragement of idleness, to the impoverishment of many of the meaner sort of the subjects of this kingdom, and the breed of strong and useful horses hath been much prejudiced thereby." So far from the provisions of this Act operating to the prejudice of horse-racing, the result has proved quite contrary. It may not be deemed out of place to observe here, that the number of subscribers now amounted to nearly one thousand, more than double the original number.

That the sturdy champion of the turf took alarm at the measure, and that his alarm was without foundation, is evident enough at the present day; had the writer of this article, however, lived at the time, he probably would have been influenced in a similar way: so circumscribed and narrow are the views of the majority of us poor bipeds. We are no longer furnished with details of the racing at Kentish-Town, Hampstead, Highgate, Hackney, Tothill-fields, or the Artillery-ground, it is true, but our Calendars record the contests for the Doncaster St. Leger, the Derby and Oaks at Epsom, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, &c. at Newmarket. Instead of thirteen, as at that day, we have now twenty-three royal plates

annually contended for, exclusive of thirteen run for in Ireland.

A clause in the act provides, that bequests left by will for any plate or prize, whether arising from rents or interests of money, shall continue in force, and not be in any way affected. A penalty of 200*l.* is imposed on any person entering a horse, &c. to run for any prize less than 50*l.* in value; and 100*l.* for advertising any plate, &c. under the like amount.

The volume for 1740-1 commences with the account of the sports of Farn, in Cheshire; Kipling Coates, in Yorkshire; and Barham Downs, in Kent; where, we learn, "the foregoing prizes are all *free* from the influence of the late Act of Parliament, being settled for ever." As the very early Calendars are in the possession of but few persons, perhaps we shall be considered as neglecting our duty did we not present to our readers the history and origin of these free prizes.

Two of the four were founded at Farn, by subscription, about sixty years ago, from the interest of which the two prizes annually arise, appointed to be run for on the Monday and Tuesday following St. Chad's day; both free for any horse, &c. The value of the first, by the Foundation is *nine guineas*, and the second *twenty-one guineas*; the entrance money of the preceding year is always added to the respective prize; but there is a very severe circumstance or two relating to the second, viz.—that every non-subscriber pays five guineas entrance, and five guineas more if distanced; but both the entrance and forfeits, as well as the entrance of subscribers or their successors, are all added to the twenty-one guineas in the following year.

The prize at *Kipling Coates* was founded by a body of *fox-hunters*, appointing it to be annually run for on the third Thursday in March, who, taking an affection to the Wolds of Yorkshire, in some respects resembling the downs of the southern counties, were pleased to deposit the sums whence the prize annually arises; and although but *sixteen guineas*, yet as the time of running for it is in the infancy of the season, it is looked upon as a proper taste-trial, or proof how horses have come through the winter; many of considerable form in the north have often started for this prize.

The *ten guineas* at *Barham Downs* (appointed to be run for annually on Easter Tuesday) is said to have been founded by a well meaning public-spirited lady, who, at her leaving the world was pleased to bequeath a donation, in order to add her latest mite towards the perpet-

tual support of the spirit of those elegant diversions.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVANTAGES OF UGLINESS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE charms of beauty have long formed the favourite theme of the most eminent pens. Its omnipotence over us *poor devils* of males has been always forcibly (and in very numerous instances *painfully* too) acknowledged; the highest encomiums have been launched forth in its praise, and the most laboured invention cannot depict it in brighter colours. Since, then this subject has been already so amply discussed, let us, just by way of novelty, consider the *benefits of ugliness*! Don't be alarmed, ladies,—'tis by no means either intended to depreciate your matchless attractions, or by odious comparisons to make ugliness paramount to your charms.

It has been asserted that "ugliness carries with it a considerable portion of dignity; and that magnificence of command, authority, &c. are ill supported by a regular set of features." Whether this opinion be correct, or whether it may not be attributed to spite, in such as being destitute of personal attractions themselves, would, like the fox, *sour* the forbidden fruit, we presume not to determine. It is however, certain, that many of the most exalted families in Europe have been remarkable for hereditary ugliness. Again, look to the Roman emperors, survey the busts of the ancient philosophers, and you will find most of them, as it were, critically *deformed* for attracting attention, and consequently better calculated to leave a strong impression of their doctrines.—Need we cite *Æsop*, *Socrates*, or the more modern cases of *Heydigger* and *Scarron*? Of this, however, enough, which we trust is sufficient to prove the *dignity of ugliness*.

2. Ugliness is again of advantage, because it often stimulates to excellence.—How often do we find the finest features spoiled by pride and a bad temper? Intoxicated with the false homage of sycophants, the fair damsel too commonly thinks herself secure of undiminished affection, and relying on the power of beauty alone, she often neglects those mental and domestic attainments, which should endear the matrimonial chain; but ugliness reminds her possessor to make up for deficiency of form by the more lasting attractions of a well cultivated mind, and an engaging demeanor.

3. Ugliness is likewise advantageous, since it checks vanity, so universal an attendant upon beauty, that it proves its bitterest enemy.—It not only creates much ill will among rival fair ones, but what is much worse, opens the door to many temptations; aware of this general failing, the devotees to beauty never fail to sacrifice largely to its vanity, that they may take the first advantage resulting from too frail credulity.

4. Ugliness also is a sovereign remedy against envy. Beauty is perpetually liable to malignant insinuations and cruel side hints, more particularly from its sister sex; but ugliness not only averts these, but even enlists the fair themselves on its side.—"It is true, ma'am," cries one, "Miss H—— is hump-backed, but then she has all imaginable discretion; Miss A—— is certainly extremely homely, but were you in her company an hour or two, you would be highly delighted, she is always so extremely agreeable; and though Mrs. M—— is monstrous ugly, she is an exceeding good kind of woman, &c."

The last comforter we shall name for ugliness is, that it is the guardian of virtue, it is a potent security against the numerous temptations to which beauty is continually exposed; let then, such as now bewail their want of beauty, in future rather console themselves by their happy exemption, and agree with the poet,

"Had you lessauteous been, you'd known less care :

Ladies are happiest moderately fair."

Some may perhaps object, that beauty is a relative term, or to use the common phrase, "*all fancy*;" away then, with your paltry symmetry, mere eye-traps,—empty shadows :

"Talk of blooming charms and graces,
All is notion—all is name;
Nothing differs but their faces,
Every woman is the same."

To be serious, how many of us prefer ugliness to beauty? for, whoever forsakes the intrinsic charms of virtue for the imaginary pleasures of vice, is in *love with ugliness*.

JACOBUS.

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.

No. II.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

WHEN Peter Pindar visited the grandmother of Polwhele, the historian of Cornwall, about a week before her death, she said, "all is well but for the crumbs under me, they are so hard, boil them and it would do as the story says." She

then told the "Pilgrims and the Pense." Pindar was delighted at the idea, and afterwards, as every one must know, employed it in a delightful comic tale.

EXERCISE.

AMONG the few anecdotes of Abernethy delicate enough to be printed, is the following. A lady consulted him, "You know my usual fee," said he. Two guineas were instantly laid on the table. He put them in his pocket and pulling forth a sixpence, put it into her hand, "there," said he, "go and buy a skipping-rope, for all your illness proceeds from want of exercise."

DIONYSIUS.

DIONYSIUS, tyrant of Syracuse, who wrote most wretched verses, was so enraged at the opinion of Philoxenus, who declared them to be miserable, that he sent him to prison. Next morning, being supplicated by his friends, he released him, and invited him the same night to a magnificent banquet. Here the tyrant recited some ranting nonsense of his own composition, and turning round, asked Philoxenus what he thought of it. The other without giving a reply, called to Dionysius's myrmidons and said, "lead me to prison." The tyrant could not restrain a laugh and pardoned him.

TOUCHING THE SPANISH.

In the late war with Spain, a party of French were sent to seize a treasure escorted by some Guerillas. When they returned, defeated and woe-begone, their comrades crowding round them, asked if they had touched the Spanish. "No," said they, "but the Spanish have touched us."

READY AND NEEDFUL.

"I SAY," cried a fashionable youth to an old usurer, "the ready is needful." "Yes," said the other, "but the needful is n't ready."

EVERARD ENDLESS.

EPITAPHS.

MR. EDITOR.—The following Epitaphs are copied from the tomb-stones in Prittlewell church-yard, one mile from South-end.

GEORGE PIERCY.

ON AN INFANT.

Just with her lips the cup of life she
 preest,
Found the taste bitter, and declined the
 rest,
Averse then turning from the face of day,
She softly sighed her little soul away.

ON THOMAS HALLIDAY, AGED 23.

How lov'd, how valued once, avails thee
 not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of me,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

ON MATTHIAS MITCHELL, AGED 22.

No warning given unceremonious fate;
A sudden push from life's meridian joy!

ON ROBERT DODD,

*Glasgow, who died from the mortification
of a wound occasioned by accidentally
falling amongst broken glass.*

Stranger, or friend, whose feet shall haply
 tread,
Above the chambers of the mould'ring
 dead,
If youth and modest innocence be thine,
Welcome, fair pilgrim, to th' instructive
 shrine;
Think, by no warning was I ta'en away,
Prepare! prepare! this might be your
 last day!

In Memory of

MR. THOMAS FOX,
of 362, Oxford-street, who was
unfortunately killed by falling into the
machinery of the Royal Sovereign
 steam-packet,
during an excursion to the Nore,
on the 22nd July 1825,
Aged 26 years.

EPITAPH

*In Darley church-yard, Derbyshire, to
the memory of four Sisters, who died
shortly after each other, the eldest being
twenty, the youngest nineteen.*

Ye thoughtless youth, who now so gaily
 tread
O'er the dark mansions of the solemn
 dead,
Pause here awhile beneath this awful
 tomb.
Here lieth four, cut off in beauty's bloom,
Who once, like you, possessed each win-
 ning grace,
Each sweet attraction both of mind and
 face;
Scarcely attain'd to life's fair smiling day,
Ere the dread fiat summon'd them away,
Like some fair flow'r, who native charms
 adorn,
And give fresh verdure to the verdant
 morn,
Blossoms for awhile, till cold inclement
 skies
Nip the fair plant, it sickens, droops, and
 dies.

The Tomb of Virgil.



THE tomb of Virgil, the prince of Roman poets as he is justly called, is situated near Naples. What it might have been in its original state it is difficult to say, the all conquering hand of time having used it so roughly, but we know that it originally bore an epitaph dictated by himself, and which is as follows :—

*Mantua me genuit Calabri rapere tenet nunc
Porthenope; cecini Pasceua, Rura, Duces.*

Virgil's tomb does not appear to have been built in the manner of other Italian remains of antiquity, owing probably to the construction as well as the epitaph having been ordered by the owner; however it still retains a venerable and pleasing richness from the numberless tints time has bestowed on it, and the various plants, shrubs, and wild flowers which cluster as if emulous to outvie each other in numbers and richness, in a spot so hallowed. "It is here," as a writer some half century ago says, "the gay may learn thought, and the contemplative mind indulge itself in all the luxury of pleasing meditation. It is a happy reflection the arts are so encouraged, that, without the expense and danger of travelling, we can survey whatever is curious and entertaining in foreign parts; at the same time the very object above mentioned puts us in mind of the fluctuations of all things; as Italy, that school of the arts, mistress of the world,

now presents a fatal reverse to its former situation; and the Italian now scarce knows to and by whom those venerable piles were raised in his own country, that foreigners so much admire."

JOHN BROWN, THE WILTSHIRE BEGGAR.

JOHN BROWN, an aged beggar, who died at Broughton Gifford, near Melksham, last month, was in the early part of his life apprenticed to a weaver, and for a few years after he arrived at maturity, followed his employment, working for a respectable clothier of Melksham. It is nearly forty years since he became a mendicant, which he continued until within three days of his decease, on the 24th of September last, at the advanced age of 77.

The circuit to which he confined himself in his excursions, did not extend much beyond the clothing district of Wiltshire, and part of the adjoining county of Somerset; but his visits were generally very regular, and when rebuked for repeating them too often, he would reply that it was so long since he came last (mentioning the time,) adding, "and I come only once in so many weeks." Though in general importunate in his supplications for charity, yet when refused on the plea of there being nothing

for him, he would coolly observe, as he walked away, "never mind, never mind, it will do when I call next time." In some of the villages at a distance from home, he has appeared as a *silent* petitioner, imploring the assistance of the spectators by *signs* only. On such occasions he was known by the name of the *dumb-man*, and was generally successful in obtaining food or money; but when seen by some of his neighbours, and reproved for his deception, he has readily found his speech, saying, "you mind your business, and I will mind mine." He would sometimes observe to his neighbours on returning from his excursions that he "would rather see the *heads* than the *tails*," at the different houses he went to, thereby insinuating that the masters were more attentive to his plea of distress than the servants. When at a distance from any houses, he has been known to accost the labourers in the fields, begging a part of their food, saying, he was nearly perishing for want; and so meagre and abject was his appearance, and his manner of imploring them so earnest, that he has been relieved by those who could ill afford to share a pittance of their food.

The plaintive manner in which he would solicit aid, his dejected and worn countenance, and the wretchedness of his dress, would impart to those ignorant of the contrary, the idea of his being

"A poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs had borne him to your door."

A few days before his death he went to a gentleman's house where he had been frequently relieved, and invited one of the servants to attend his funeral when he died, which he said would not be long first; he entreated him to attend, whether he received any further invitation or not.

The hut in which Brown lived and died corresponded with its inhabitant:—its exterior, mean and wretched in the extreme, whilst its interior contained an assemblage of poverty, filth, and misapplied articles of value, blended together, without any regard to order or discrimination. This hovel, for it deserves not the name of a house, is about fifteen feet in length, by five in breadth, and seven in height, comprehending only one apartment, and in this miserable abode its miserable inmate had huddled together the following, amongst other articles:—One bed and bedstead, four chairs, three boxes, seven tea-kettles, four saucepans, five frying-pans, two gridirons, ten pepper-boxes, four flour dredgers, forty table and tea-spoons, three tea-canisters,

four tea-trays, one hundred and twenty dowlas and Holland shirts, one hundred and thirty pocket and neck handkerchiefs, forty cravats or stocks of cambric muslin, twenty pair of stockings, two night-caps, thirty-four pair of shoes entirely new, and a great number of old ones, three pair new buckskin breeches and many old ones, five coats and four waistcoats, three pair of gaiters (new), six hats three narrow and three broad brims, four smock frocks, a silver watch and a pair of plated buckles for shoes. A large quantity of old silver (shillings, &c.), which sold for £12. at the rate of 5½d. per shilling; and about £3. worth of old sixpences, halfpence, and penny pieces; four large bags full of meat, in an advanced state of putrefaction, and about two bushels full of pieces of cheese, too bad to be given to pigs.

In a neighbour's house, Brown had deposited a large chest and three boxes full of linen, shoes, and other articles; for the preservation of which the person was paid £10. after his decease.

Notwithstanding he had collected so large a quantity of clothes, some of which were in excellent condition, he was frequently known to go into neighbouring towns to purchase wearing apparel, linen, &c. which on his return home he would put away in the most incongruous manner—(as for example, a pair of old shoes, with rusted nails, wrapped up in a new shirt); yet he would not leave his residence otherwise than in an old ragged suit, which betokened the most extreme want, and added to the wretchedness of his appearance.

Upon dividing the property which was found, and which is supposed to have included a considerable sum of money of the present currency (one statement having been published, of there being upwards of £140. found in money, independent of other sums placed out at interest) it was apportioned to ten nephews and nieces; but in the division thereof considerable disturbance ensued, so as to render it necessary to call in the aid of constables in order to preserve the peace.

MR. BLOOR'S INSTRUCTIONS FOR SWIMMING.

[In No. CLVI. of the MIRROR we inserted a letter from Mr. Bloor, on the utility and practice of swimming; and we now quote the following remarks from a letter which the same gentleman printed in the *Monthly Magazine* some years ago.—ED.]

THE immense number of persons that have been drowned renders it unnecessary for me to use any argument to shew the propriety of every person learning to

swim ; when I say every person, I mean females as well as males ; for, why should not they learn to protect themselves from the danger of a watery grave as well as we ? Their lives are dearer to us than our own ! They have hands and feet, and the same capacity ; and no doubt are as capable of learning as we are ; and, with all due regard to their delicacy, I should be proud, very proud, to have the honour of being their instructor, and could, I am persuaded, adopt a plan by which it may be accomplished without the least violence to their modesty ; but, should they object to the instruction by a man generally, the necessary art might be communicated to a few females, if there are not such already taught, and it may thus be made general.

Besides the utility of learning to swim, what a delightful amusement is bathing in fine clear water, and how conducive to health ! it is a blessing bestowed by our great Creator, which the better and more lovely part of our race, or the greatest part thereof, do not enjoy. This, however, is the case in this country.

In order to assist the young swimmer, I would recommend as an useful assistant a large gut from the bullock, called by butchers the wizen, or perhaps whizen ; this gut is about two inches diameter, and perhaps from fourteen to twenty-two inches long. I have found three of them, altogether amounting to about four feet long, tied round a boy of nine years old, quite sufficient to support him on the water. From this, I suppose, as much as measures ten feet, or twelve feet, will be sufficient for an adult. They are to be tied round the body, beginning close under the arms, with the first and the next close to it, and so on with the rest, having one round the neck. If they are long enough to go quite round the body all the better ; in which case a person may tie them in front, and can do it himself ; and, it may not be amiss to prevent them slipping downwards by fastening a string to each from that on the neck, or by putting it over the shoulders, or the like. But I think, the best way to fill them will be, when they are just taken out of the beast and cleaned, to tie them round anything of the shape of a man's body, and blow them not very tight, as they will be the stronger ; and, should not a right curve be obtained, they will be more pliable by being slackly filled. The use of these will be found far preferable to corks or bladders, for they are an hinderance to the spreading of the arms ; but not so these.

I have now to add a little by way of caution, and I have done ; and first, I advise those who bathe in strange waters,

and have not the means of examining their bottom not to plunge in violently, for fear of stakes or broken glass, or stones and the like ; such things are not uncommon. I am informed that a young man, fell on a stake in the New River, and his life was despaired of.

A few years ago, I myself was swimming in the Thames on my back, and very narrowly escaped running my head against a buoy ; therefore, it is safer for those who swim here to be a little nearer the middle, and look for some time before they turn on the back, that no buoy has just plunged under water and is waiting to effect their destruction ; and also to watch if any boat is approaching, with which they may come in contact.

It is also necessary to caution all persons against dropping in head foremost, and that vertically, near the edge of any water whose banks are of a soft muddy kind. It lately happened that a son of mine immersed in this kind of way into the New River ; his head stuck in the mud, and it appeared to him about a minute before he could extricate himself.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

ANECDOTES OF MR. SHERIDAN.

FROM MR. MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN, JUST PUBLISHED.

(Concluded from page 269.)

SHERIDAN'S IMPROVIDENCE.

His improvidence in everything connected with money was most remarkable. He would frequently be obliged to stop on his journeys, for want of the means of getting on, and to remain living expensively at an inn, till a remittance could reach him. His letters to the treasurer of the theatre on these occasions were generally headed with the words "Money bound." A friend of his told me, that one morning, while waiting for him in his study, he cast his eyes over the heap of unopened letters that lay upon the table, and, seeing one or two with coronets on the seals, said to Mr. Westley, the treasurer, who was present, "I see we are all treated alike." Mr. Westley then informed him that he had once found, on looking over this table, a letter which he had himself sent, a few weeks before, to Mr. Sheridan, enclosing a ten-pound note, to release him from some inn, but which Mr. Sheridan, having raised the supplies in some other way, had never thought of

opening. The prudent treasurer took away the letter, and reserved the enclosure for some future exigence.

Among instances of his inattention to letters, the following is mentioned. Going one day to the banking-house, where he was accustomed to receive his salary, as receiver of Cornwall, and where they sometimes accommodated him with small sums before the regular time of payment, he asked, with all due humility, whether they could oblige him with the loan of twenty pounds. "Certainly, sir," said the clerk. "Would you like any more—fifty or a hundred?" Sheridan, all smiles and gratitude, answered that a hundred pounds would be of the greatest convenience to him. "Perhaps you would like to take two or three?" said the clerk. At every increase of the sum, the surprise of the borrower increased. "Have not you then received our letter?" said the clerk; on which it turned out, that in consequence of the falling in of some fine, a sum of twelve hundred pounds had been lately placed to the credit of the receiver-general, and that, from not having opened the letter written to apprise him, he had been left in ignorance of his good luck.

DRAMATIC SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

THE following extracts are from an unfinished comedy by Mr. Sheridan, on *Affection*, every species of which he so happily describes:—

Character.—MR. BUSTLE.

A man who delights in hurry and interruption—will take any one's business for them—leaves the world where all his plagues may follow him—governor of all hospitals, &c.—share in Ranelagh—speaker everywhere, from the vestry to the House of Commons—"I am not at home—gad, now he has heard me, and I must be at home."—"Here am I so plagued, and there is nothing I love so much as retirement and quiet."—"You never sent after me."—Let servants call in to him such a message as "'Tis nothing but the window-tax," he hiding in a room that communicates.—A young man tells him some important business in the middle of fifty trivial interruptions, and the calling in of idlers; such as fiddlers, wild-beast men, foreigners with recommendatory letters, &c.—answers notes on his knee, "and so your uncle died?—for your obliging inquiries—and left you an orphan—to cards in the evening."

Can't bear to be doing nothing.—"Can I do anything for any body any where?"—"Have been to the secretary—written

to the treasury."—"Must proceed to meet the commissioners, and write Mr. Price's little boy's exercise."—"The most active idler and laborious trifler.

He does not in reality love business—only the appearance of it. "Ha! ha! did my lord say that I was always very busy?—What, plagued to death?"

Keeps all his letters and copies—"Mem. to meet the hackney-coach commissioners—to arbitrate between, &c. &c."

Contrast with the man of indolence, his brother.—"So, brother, just up! and I have been, &c. &c."—one will give his money from indolent generosity, the other his time from restlessness—" 'Twill be shorter to pay the bill than look for the receipt."—Files letters, answered and unanswered—"Why, here are more unopened than answered!"

He regulates every action by a love for fashion—will grant annuities though he doesn't want money—appear to intrigue, though constant, to drink, though sober—has some fashionable vices—affects to be distressed in his circumstances, and, when his new *vis-a-vis* comes out, procures a judgment to be entered against him—wants to lose, but by ill luck wins 5,000*l*.

What are the affectations you chiefly dislike?

To see two people affecting intrigue, having their assignations in public places only; he, affecting a warm pursuit, and the lady, acting the hesitation of retreating virtue—"Pray, ma'am, don't you think, &c."—while neither party have words between 'em to conduct the preliminaries of gallantry, nor passion to pursue the object of it.

A plan of public flirtation—not to get beyond a profile.

Then I hate to see one, to whom Heaven has given real beauty, settling her features at the glass of fashion while she speaks—not thinking so much of what she says as how she looks, and more careful of the action of her lips than of what shall come from them.

A pretty woman studying looks and endeavouring to recollect an ogle, like Lady —, who has learned to play her eyelids like Venetian blinds.

An old woman endeavouring to put herself back to a girl.

A true trained wit lays his plan like a general—foresees the circumstances of the conversation—surveys the ground and contingencies—detaches a question to draw you into the palpable ambuscade of his ready-made joke.

A man intriguing, only for the reputation of—to his confidential servant, "Who am I in love with now?"—"The news-

papers give you so and so—you are laying close siege to Lady L. in the *Morning Post*, and have succeeded with Lady G. in the *Herald*—Sir F. is very jealous of you in the *Gazetteer*.”—“Remember to-morrow, the first thing you do, to put me in love with Mrs. C.”

An old man, who affects intrigue, and writes his own reproaches in the *Morning Post*, trying to scandalize himself into the reputation of being young, as if he could obscure his age by blotting his character—though never so little candid as when he’s abusing himself.

“Shall you be at Lady —’s?—I’m told the Bramin is to be there, and the new French philosopher.”—“No—It will be pleasanter at Lady —’s *conversations*—the cow with two heads will be there.”

A fat woman trundling into a room on castors—in sitting can only lean against her chair—rings on her fingers, and her fat arms strangled with bracelets, which belt them like corded brawn—rolling and heaving when she laughs with the rattles in her throat, and a most apoplectic ogle—you wish to draw her out, as you would an opera-glass.

A long lean man, with all his limbs rambling—no way to reduce him to compass, unless you could double him like a pocket-rule—with his arms spread, he’d lie on the bed of Ware like a cross on a Good Friday bun—standing still, he is a pilaster without a base—he appears rolled out or run up against a wall—so thin, that his front face is but the moiety of a profile—if he stands cross-legged, he looks like a caduceus; and put him in a fencing attitude, you would take him for a piece of *cheveux-de-frise*—to make any use of him, it must be as a pontoon or a fishing-rod—when his wife’s by, he follows like a note of admiration—see them together, one’s a mast, and the other all bulk—she’s a dome, and he’s built like a glass-house—when they part, you wonder to see the steeple separate from the chancel; and were they to embrace, he must hang round her neck like a skein of thread on a lace-maker’s bolster—to sing her praise, you should choose a rondeau; and to celebrate him, you must write all Alexandrines.

The loadstone of true beauty draws the heaviest substances—not like the fat dowager, who frets herself into warmth to get the notice of a few *papier mâché* fops, as you rub Dutch sealing-wax to draw paper.

A lady who affects poetry.—“I made regular approaches to her by sonnets and rebuses—a rondeau of circumvallation—her pride sapped by an elegy, and her re-

serve surprised by an *impromptu*—proceeding to storm with Pindarics, she, at last, saved the further effusion of ink by a capitulation.”

Her prudish frowns and resentful looks are as ridiculous as ’twould be to see a board with notice of spring-guns set in a highway, or of steel-traps set in a common—because they imply an insinuation that there is something worth plundering where one would not, in the least, suspect it.

The expression of her face is at once a denial of all love-suit, and a confession that she never was asked—the sourness of it arises not so much from her aversion to the passion, as from her never having had an opportunity to show it.—Her features are so unfortunately formed, that she could never dissemble or put on sweetness enough to induce any one to give her occasion to show her bitterness.—I never saw a woman to whom you would more readily give credit for perfect chastity.

Lady Clia. “What am I reading?”—“Have I drawn nothing lately?—Is the work-bag finished?—how accomplished I am!—has the man been to untune the harpsichord?—does it look as if I had been playing on it?”

“Shall I be ill to-day?—shall I be nervous?”—“Your la’ship was nervous yesterday.”—“Was I?—then I’ll have a cold—I haven’t had a cold this fortnight—a cold is becoming—no—I’ll not have a cough; that’s fatiguing—I’ll be quite well.”—“You become sickness—your la’ship always looks vastly well when you’re ill.”

MY TRUNK.

(TO ANNE.)

Have you heard, my dear Anne, how my spirits are sunk?

Have you heard of the cause?—Oh! the loss of my trunk,

From exertion or firmness I’ve never yet sunk;
But my fortitude’s gone with the loss of my trunk?

Stout Lucy, my maid, is a damsel of spunk;
Yet she weeps night and day for the loss of my trunk!

I’d better turn nun, and coquet with a monk;
For with whom can I flirt without aid from my trunk?

Accurs’d be the thief, the old rascally hunk,
Who rifles the fair, and lays hands on their trunks!

He who robs the king’s stores of the least bit of junk

Is hang’d—while he’s safe who has plundered my trunk!

There’s a phrase amongst lawyers, when nunc’s put for tune;

But, tune and nunc both, must I grieve for my trunk!

Huge leaves of that great commentator, old
Brunck,

Perhaps was the paper that lined my poor trunk !
But my rhymes are all out, for I dare not use
st—k,

'Twould shock Sheridan more than the loss of my
trunk !

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE GREEK CHIEFS CONSTANTINE BOTZARI, COLOCOTRONI, AND CONSTANTINE CANARIS.—*By Count Pecchio.*

CONSTANTINE BOTZARI.

A PAINTER might have made a picture of Constantine Botzari, when we went to visit him in his bivouac. He was standing under a large poplar, his warriors made a circle around him, all standing. Neither gold nor silver glittered on his person. His dress was simple and modest, like his character. Over a *pesgli* of light blue cloth he wore a white capote of long goat's hair, the usual capote of the Sulists. Accustomed to distinguish the commander of these troops by the richness of their dress and their arms, we were making a survey around whilst we were already before him. A carpet spread upon the grass, for his convenience, was his only distinction. A profound silence reigned in this assembly of immovable warriors. Botzari was quietly smoking; he received us coldly, and yet kindly. He is from Sulis, and the brother of Marco Botzari, the Leonidas of the Greek revolution. He is thick-limbed and robust, though of the middle stature, and is said to resemble his brother. His is the name dearest to the Sulists, of all the surviving names of that martial colony. His soldiers are almost all Sulists; and amongst them many of his own relatives, who follow him in his wars, and, more from love than from right, always fight at his side. General Roche announced to Botzari that the French committee had selected the son of Marco Botzari to be educated in France. Botzari replied that he was grateful to the committee, and that he wished his nephew to become well-informed.

Gen.—“Are you versed in the history of the ancient Greeks and their deeds?”

Botz.—“We have not read their history, but we have heard it.”

Gen.—“The career you pursue will procure you honour amongst your contemporaries, and immortality with posterity.”

Botz.—“The aim of our actions is solely the good of our country.”

Gen.—“The death of your brother will always redound to the glory of the Greeks.”

Botz.—“The Greeks only desire a death like his.”

Gen.—“Is there amongst the Sulists any one who bears the name of some illustrious ancient?”

At this question, a cousin of Botzari, who was standing behind him, in a resolute tone, answered: “The heart, and not the name, makes the hero.”

Gen.—“Should you like to have a king in Greece?”

Botz.—“I think that a king would be desirable for the good of Greece in its present circumstances.”

The general had purposely proposed this question to many other chiefs; and the answer of them all agreed with that of Botzari. I know not, to speak plainly, if confidence is to be placed in the sincerity of these answers, as the Capitani appeared too condescending, either from politeness or from dissimulation.

Constantine Botzari, as I have already observed, is the idol of his companions in arms. In the last affair of the 19th of April, they saved him at the price of their blood. He was dismounted from his horse by an Egyptian officer, who was on the point of taking him prisoner. His soldiers and relatives, ashamed of losing their captain, resolved to save him at all hazards. They made a hedge around him with their bodies—they fight, retreating—they thrust him along—they carry him nearly a mile; when the enemy presses forward, they make head against him—they fight—they fall, and replace each other, and in this manner leaving seventeen of their dead on the field, they bear him off in safety; and they not only recover his horse, but they take from their enemies, whom they had slain, twelve of their's. In this conflict, which renews the battles of the Iliad, six brothers, relatives of Botzari, fell, to preserve his life and the honour of the Sulists. On taking leave, Constantine Botzari kissed us on the mouth. This is the most tender kiss of friendship that can be given in Greece.

COLOCOTRONI.*

WHEN I beheld Colocotroni sitting amidst ten of his companions, prisoners of state, and treated with respect by his guards, I called to mind the picture that Tasso draws of Satan in the council of the devils. His neglected grey hairs fell upon his broad shoulders, and mingled

* For an interesting memoir of this distinguished Warrior, see MIRROR, No. 157.

with his rough beard, which, since his imprisonment, he had allowed to grow, as a mark of grief and revenge. His form is rugged and vigorous, his eyes full of fire, and his martial and savage figure resembled one of the sharp grey rocks which are scattered throughout the Archipelago. I presented him the compliments of Bobolina, and announced to him that in a few days he would be free. He thanked me by the interpreter, and asked what was the news. I told him that the Egyptians were on the point of gaining possession of Navarino; and that they were formidable, not only for their personal valour, but for their tactical skill, and the cavalry in their army. He observed, that to conquer the Egyptians, it was sufficient merely to levy men, and then (suiting the action to the word) to fire. "I know," added he, "the positions in which their tactics and their cavalry would be useless. Do you know what has given the victory to the Egyptians? Unity of command; whilst the Greeks are ruined by the mania that every one has for command without experience."—Whilst he raised his arm in speaking, I noticed upon it a sabre wound, and asked him where he had acquired that honorable decoration. "It is not the only one that I bear on my person," he replied; and thus saying, he showed me another mark of a shot on his left arm, another on the right side of his breast, and a fourth on his thigh.

Whilst speaking, he hastily ran over the beads of a rosary; and, instead of the Turkish gravity which the Greeks have contracted, he rolled his eyes rapidly and fiercely, arose and sat down, agitated as if still a klepht in fear of the ambushes and attacks of the enemy. General Colocotroni is certainly not a man of the common stamp. A few days afterwards he was set at liberty, and received by the government in Napoli di Romania with all due dignity and honour. On the act of reconciliation with the government, he replied without premeditation to the speech which one of the legislators addressed to him. In his unpolished reply is a remarkable passage, in which he said, "In coming hither from Hydra I have cast all rancour into the sea; do you do so likewise—bury in that gulph all your hatreds and dissensions: *that* shall be the treasure which you will gain." He was speaking in the square of Napoli, where the inhabitants had been for several days excavating the earth, in the hope (common in Greece) of finding a hidden treasure.

CONSTANTINE CANARIS.
I INQUIRED for the habitation of Capt.

Constantine Canaris, desirous of becoming acquainted with that intrepid leader of the fire-ships. I found him by the side of his wife, playing with his son Milliades, a child of three years of age. He received me with frankness and courtesy, and made his elder son, Nicholas, present me with a half-blown rose, a mark of affection in the Levant. Canaris is a young man about thirty-two, frank and gay, and at the same time extremely modest. I could never induce him to relate any of his deeds. He is loved by all his countrymen; but envied by the Hydriots, through whom he has been left this year without the command of a fire-ship. His gun was hanging against the wall. His arms and his courage are all the riches of this intrepid man, after having burnt four of the enemy's ships of war. Last year, having avenged the burning of his country by that of an enemy's ship, he presented himself at Napoli di Romania, poor and in want of everything. Whilst each inhabitant was eagerly making him some present, he said before the legislative body, "I would much rather than all these gifts receive another fire-ship to burn in the service of my country." Whilst we were speaking, his wife, with matronly dignity, suckled an infant three months old, named Lycurgus. She is an Ipsariot, of great beauty, grave and modest—a Minerva.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

LINES ON LIBERTY.

Oh, Liberty! how fair thy angel face,
Which gives to ev'ry thing a double
grace—

That crown's with joy Britannia's little
isle,
And makes a barren moor or mountain
smile.

How wretched he who lives and is not
free;
For showers of gold I would not part
with thee;

For, nothing Fortune gives or takes away
Could for thy loss, sweet Liberty, repay.

A. WALKER.

EPITAPH ON AN IRON HEEL.

RELEASED from the burthen of human
frailty, which was borne without mur-
muring, lie the remains of poor Tip, an
offspring of vice. At his birth he dis-
covered such a *heat* of disposition, that,
but for repeated blows from the author of
his existence, he would not have been

formed for society. Driven to extremes, he was a *hanger-on*, and generally at the bottom of many a black thing; yet, when he held fast to his duty, no one was better fitted to strengthen the *understanding*. Still was he too often trod on in return, and was left at length entirely forsaken by him to whom he had always proved a steady adherent. Worn out in constitution, no longer on a *footing* with any one, good or bad, he fell a heart-broken victim to the pressure of his cares at an early age.

LINES TO AN INFANT.

Translated from the Persian, by Sir William Jones.

Oh! Parents' knees a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep.

A TRUE IRISHMAN.

AN OLD JOKE VERSIFIED.

PAT at a mirror stood, with eyes
Close shut; when one, in great surprise,
Exclaim'd, "What means the ape?"
"What mane I, honey? Widout book
That's answer'd—to see how I look
When I am fast asleep."

W. H.

EPIGRAM.

(For the Mirror.)

"How is it, my friend, that
Wherever I stray,
Mine ears are regal'd with
A jack-ass's bray?"
"Why the reason's most plain;
Birds of a feather
Have always been known, Sir,
To flock together." H.

ANSWER TO AN INVITATION

To spend an hour at a Tavern.

THE King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' ye by and bye,
Or else the de'll is in it.

LINES,

Written extempore by a Captain of a Ship upon his going to the Sun Tavern, at Hatchiff, and left in a note in the key-hole of his door, in expectation of an

Exciseman's coming to visit him, who was reputed a sober, frugal man, and intended as a jeer on his frugality and employment.

At the sign of the Sun,
As sure as a gun,
You'll find us inspir'd with Port;
Without children or wives
To ruffle our lives,
And free from dependence at court.
Thus by freedom and wine,
Like Suns we all shine;
And when you our footsteps have trod,
With each generous soul
Your fame we'll enrol,
And enlist you under Bacchus our god.

THE EXCISEMAN'S ANSWER.

NOR the charms of your wine,
Nor your Sun in a sign,
I value so much as my gold;
My children and wife
Are the joys of my life,
And a drunkard I hate as a scold.
In honesty's cause
And just excise laws
I spend my days cheerful and merry;
From each honest mind
Acceptance I find,
And I laugh at the wonders of Sherry.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. C. on London Improvements. *Memoir of Henry Kirke White. The Pleasures of Travelling. The Death of Goliath*, and several other original communications in our next.

W. G. &c. on Masonry, in a week or two.

Several articles which remain under consideration, shall be disposed of in our next.

J. F.'s communications have been received, and shall have insertion.

Jacobus is informed that we do not renounce poetical contributions altogether, but we should only deceive our correspondents if we gave them hopes that one twentieth part of the poetical articles we receive could obtain insertion. We thank him for his forbearance, but many pieces have been delayed as long as those to which he alludes, and that unavoidably.

We almost fear the length of G. W. E.'s article on the *Runic Mythology*, and should wish to have the conclusion previous to our commencing it.

Greece, by C. T. J.—is a very creditable juvenile attempt, but he will do better things by and by, and thank us for not hurrying him into print.

T. M. B. will perceive that the article to which he alludes has been inserted, but the drawing did not appear to us sufficiently interesting. It shall be returned to him.

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